

# BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS

## THE WARD BOSSES

By ERNEST M'GAFFEY



WARD "bosses" come and go. They rise and fall, and one makes room for another. The fluctuations in politics are as sudden and abrupt as the changes in the stock market, and the "boss" of last year may be the plinkest of plain citizens the ensuing year. One thing is morally certain, there will never be an elimination of "bosses" in politics, because leaders are an absolute necessity in every movement, and prime ministers and presidents are as surely political "bosses" as are the ward politicians who hold their wards in the hollow of their hands.

Some people, good people, too, have started in to fight "bosses," and have ended up by cooperating with them and getting their aid to improve conditions in certain districts. Fighting a political "boss" is an uphill job, for the "respectables," so-called, are usually too busy to give any assistance, and the "boys" are all with the "boss." I remember a reformer who tried to win out on the presidency of a ward club against the "boss." He tried two years and was defeated, but the third term he seemed to be sure of success. Nearly every one of the members of the club promised him aid, and Dugan, as I will call him, had high hopes. The night of the election, with 189 members present, Dugan's name was put before the club amid a storm of applause. His nomination was seconded by at least five additional speeches, each a glowing eulogy of "Danny Dugan's" staunch qualities and services to the party. Dugan sat entranced with the praises which were being handed out to him. The "boss" candidate, Casey, was nominated in a half-dozen words and feebly seconded by only one individual.

Dugan himself was appointed one of the tellers, and a roar of approbation shook the hall as the chairman announced his selection. Dugan went up and down the aisles, and everybody gave him the "glad hand" and folded their ballots and tossed them into the hat he carried with "There's another for you, Dan, old boy," or "Hurrah for Danny Dugan."

He had a ballot shoved at him with the injunction, "Make it unanimous, Danny; hurl in a vote for your own ticket," and he put his ballot in the other teller's hat and sat down in the seventh heaven of anticipation. The counting was finished in a few minutes and Dugan smiled as he saw the ballots all going over to one side. "It's a walk-away," he whispered to the man next to him. "It's a landslide," said his neighbor. The chairman stepped to the front of the platform and announced the vote for president as follows: "For Peter Casey, 188 votes; for Daniel Dugan, one vote." Dugan grabbed his hat and madly

rushed from the room, with a perfect howl of cheers following him. It was his last appearance in politics. The term "political boss" images to most people a stoutly built man with a pug nose and a large diamond, who smokes long black cigars and rules his ward or district with a rod of iron. Sometimes he is represented as a man with a heart bursting with sympathy for the poor, who squeezes the rich citizen to help out the constituents whose votes he harvests on election day. He is generally typified as eloquently profane, and story-writers delight to get him down invariably as of Irish birth.

As a matter of fact, however, there are just as many different "bosses" as there are nationalities in the large cities, for a "boss" is simply a leader for the time being and that may be for a few months, a few years, or longer. And some of the most successful of all "bosses," politically speaking, have been Americans. The present president of the United States is one of the most masterful of political bosses. Who in his party dare openly say him "nay" with any hope of winning out against his rock-rooted strength?

The "boss" in the cities, however, especially the typical ward "boss," is often a man who may be evolved by either accident or design. Sometimes a man goes into the game to help a friend out, or to satisfy a grudge, and the glamour of the thing attracts him and he stays in, to finally emerge as a full-blown "leader." And some one of the young fellows who go into politics deliberately will work on for years in the same ward, growing up with the people who live there, identifying himself with them and their interests and finally winning the confidence of his constituents so lastingly that they will vote almost to a man as he wishes.

A true "boss" both follows and leads. He knows what his "people" want, and he does not stray far away from their desires. If his ward has a constituency which favors a liberal interpretation of the liquor question he is for the "open" Sunday, and even the all-night saloon, if necessary. He is strong on the subject of the "poor man's club" and hot against "blue laws" and for the maximum of "personal liberty." Incidentally, he favors a low license, usually.

If a "boss" lives in a Prohibition district he fulminates against "the demon rum" and points out statistically the ruin wrought by drink. This may not prevent him from having his "high-balls" at the club, or his champagne at the political banquets, but makes him strong with the voters whose support he seeks. He is on the alert for "blind pigs," or places where liquor is smuggled in and sold secretly, and he leads delegations to the

mayor's office and to the legislature to protest against the vice of drink.

The average "political boss" is in politics strictly for "what is in it," and that means that he is neither in the game for his health, his recreation nor his spiritual welfare. And why not? The business or professional men enter into their respective avocations for any of the above reasons? I trow not. The "boss" has one fixed, set idea, and that is to "get there," as he would express it; to accumulate a large roll of simoleans and then retire to some respectable residence portion of the city and forget the low, coarse mob with which he was compelled to associate while he was getting his start. The successful ones do this, and the unsuccessful ones remain at the same old stand, reviling the ingratitude of the ones who "made the raffle" and got away with their "bundle."

Ward "bosses" often combine to accomplish results, and they often cut the ground from under one another without the slightest compunction. I never knew but one "boss" whose word was absolutely and entirely to be depended on both as to what he could do, and what he would do. He could tell to a certainty about how his ward would go, and if he gave his word as to the delegates he never under any circumstances broke. He was a man of strong ideas and dis-

likes and exceedingly blunt in his way of putting things, but he could neither be wheedled nor intimidated. The mere fact that he had promised the support of his delegates in a convention to a certain candidate did not determine that he would support that candidate at the polls on election. But just so far as his word went, that promise was ironclad and inviolable.

Time was when a "boss" was to be marked by his reputation for physical prowess. But those days are in the core and yellow leaf. Strange to say, even in the toughest of the "rough" wards, the "leaders" are very seldom row men who depend on their "knock down and drag out" abilities. The "boss" of today aspires to be a "dancer" and a wit, not a "slammer." Pugilism is left to its regular exponents, and though many of the "bosses" may be patrons of the sparring matches, they have given the rough and tumble method of the past the good-by, and pursue themselves on smoother plans to achieve success.

Such a thing as an experience in something that no experienced ward "boss" will harbor for to him, experience is a dead letter in politics. Besides, a "boss" may be in one party one year, and on the other side of the fence the next year. He may support a measure at first and then "switch" and fight it. Experience is his watchword, and he will support a man whom he cordially despises if he can use advantage to himself in the end. The questions of party principles have an exceedingly hazy interest to him, for the class with which he mingled, and the interests which he represents, have no time at all to study political economy, and no inclination towards the ethical side of politics.

It was a matter of genuine interest to meet the various "bosses," big and little and weigh them, and analyze them as they came into my perspective. They were always a little curious as to just how I happened to be in politics, and I am quite certain they were decidedly uncertain as to just how I came to be holding down a fairly enviable position when I could not deliver delegates; and yet, meeting him in the game at every turn, from the primaries to the national conventions, they knew I was "keeping cases," as they may have expressed it, and that in some mysterious way I must be of some value in the sum total of elements making up political life.

The question of silent "bosses" and talkative "bosses" is one which has been variously reviewed, and the average judgment has been that the silent "boss" was the great power. The fact was that the "silent" boss could talk fast enough when he wanted to, and the talkative boss could "stand pat" when he so desired. If it was the nature of a "boss" to talk he did so; if he was naturally a secretive man, he kept still generally. The most effective combination was the "boss" who could talk or keep still as occasion demanded, and who could neither be goaded nor coaxed into either silence or speech against his better judgment.

It could be said in favor of nearly every real ward "boss" that he was not an orator. Not in the sense of a "silver-tongued spellbinder." Many of them could give good, common-sense talks, and effective ones, too, but they did not essay to split the welkin with their perorations, and rather despised in their hearts the "wind-jammer" and his periods. At the same time, for a genuinely great speaker they had a deep respect and enjoyed hearing him. As for the "man with the pen," they were never unwilling to avail themselves of his services if he could "make good" with anything to help on a campaign.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY  
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## LONGEVITY IN HOT CLIMATES

Tropical Races Are Shown to Be Much Longer Lived.

Because in tropical countries more decayed vegetable matter is found and in consequence more miasma, the idea has become popular that only vigorous health and long life are likely in northern latitudes where frost now and then asserts itself. The fact that humanity matures much earlier in tropical climates seems to warrant the conclusion that it must necessarily perish much earlier. Dr. Luigi Sambon of Rome attempts to put the popular impression to sleep by an elaborate exhibition of statistics.

He doesn't contend that the warmest climate is the most suitable to a man, under the conditions of modern civilization, but he remonstrates vigorously against the idea that a cold and variable climate is the most conducive to the physical and intellectual improvement of the human race. While northern climates may produce stalwart frames, statistics show that they do not conduce to longevity. In proof of his position the doctor cites the fact that the average Arab outlives the average Esquimaux by not less than 25 years.

He shows that the people who live along the unhealthy coasts of Central and South America survive the inhabitants of the higher and cooler altitudes of the interior. He shows also that the Hindus, who often reach puberty as early as nine years, live to a surprising old age. The inhabitants of the southern countries of Europe are found to live much longer than those of the more northern latitude.

To illustrate, in England in a population of 27,000,000 there are but 140 centenarians, while in Spain, with a population of but 15,000,000, there are 401 centenarians. The probabilities are that the great mortality found in southern latitudes is found in the cities, and is therefore not so much the fault of the climate as of an indifference to sanitary laws.

**Forcing His Chances.**  
"So Shadow is in trouble again?"  
"Yes, a bit of a card scandal."  
"I told him not to play unless he could afford to lose."  
"He must have gotten your advice mixed, and decided he couldn't afford to play unless he didn't lose."—Washington Star.

## MISSOURI NEWS

### Discarded Suitor Killed.

Neosho—Miss Johnnie Davidson, a well-known young woman of this town, shot and killed Roy Ramsour while the latter was attempting, as she believed, to kill her sister Ramsour and Grave Davidson, the sister, had been keeping company until recently, when the girl forbade him to come to the Davidson home. Saturday he appeared, and entering the house, grasped the girl and dragged her to the front yard, threatening to kill her. Her sister, seizing a revolver, ordered Ramsour to desist, but he renewed the attack. Miss Davidson then shot him dead.

### Married Pair, Drops Dead.

Springfield—The Rev. W. R. Peters, pastor of the Daily Methodist Episcopal church, dropped dead of heart disease on a street car while on his way from performing a marriage ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Peters was 45 years old. He came here from Omaha a year ago. He was a contributor to church journals and author of a book of verse. He is survived by the widow.

### Eight-Hour Law Killed.

Jefferson City—The eight-hour telegraph operators' law, passed at the last session of the legislature forbidding companies to keep telegraphers on duty for more than eight consecutive hours in a day of 24 hours, was declared unconstitutional in the supreme court. Judge Lamm handing down the opinion.

### Former Policeman Released.

Jefferson City—Under a parole commutation granted by Gov. Folk, James Hurt, who came to the penitentiary from Jasper county in 1904 to serve ten years for murder in the second degree, was discharged. Hurt killed a policeman, being himself a member of the force, while engaged in a street duel with his victim.

### Lawyer Cuts Own Throat.

St. Joseph—Robert J. Roark, supposed to be a lawyer from Junction City, Kas., cut his throat in a hotel here. He then jumped from a second-story window and ran to a residence a block distant, burst through a window and fell dead in the kitchen. Papers on his person indicate domestic trouble.

### Kills Family and Self.

Edina—After locking his hired man in a room, Bert McMillen, formerly of Springfield, Mo., in a fit of insanity, shot his wife to death, killed his two children and then himself. The tragedy occurred at what is known as the old Lake Thomas farm, northeast of this place, near Knox City postoffice.

### Buried with Three Victims.

Knox City—Bert McMillen, who killed his wife and two children and then himself on the W. A. Thomas farm, near here, was buried in the Baptist cemetery by the side of his three victims. The funeral arrangements were made by W. W. Huffman of Springfield, Mo., father of Mrs. McMillen.

### McHugh Gets Parole.

Jefferson City—Largely through the intercession of Circuit Judge Jesse A. McDonald, who presided at the trial, though members of the jury also joined in the plea for clemency, a parole commutation has been granted to William McHugh, and he has been released from the penitentiary.

### Grain Weighing Law Invalid.

Jefferson City—Judge Henry Lamm of the supreme court wrote the opinion, declaring to be ineffective the grain-weighing and inspection measure passed at the last session of the legislature, for which the members of the state board of railroad commissioners worked.

### Pythians Lose Their Suit.

Jefferson City—The supreme court denied the motion of the supreme lodge of the Knights of Pythias for a rehearing of its mandamus suit to compel State Superintendent of Insurance Vandiver to grant it a license to do insurance business in the state.

### Palmyra Gets New Infirmary.

Hannibal—The Marion county court has decided to locate the new infirmary to cost \$75,000, south of Palmyra, on the Lauck tract. At the July term of court bonds will be issued and other steps taken to sell the old poor-house possessions.

### Reward for Everett Castro.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk has offered a reward of \$100 for the arrest and return to the authorities of Pettis county of Everett Castro, in connection with the death of Annie Bell at Sedalia.

### Kills Self Between Graves.

Pleasant Hill—After cutting the grass upon the graves of his relatives in Pleasant Hill cemetery, W. D. Shortridge, a marble cutter, lay between the graves and sent a bullet through his head from the right temple to the left.

### Allen Appointed to Board.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk reappointed Ford A. Allen of Kansas City for a period of three years a member of the state board of mediation and arbitration.

### Useless Society.

Mrs. Jones often declared that she enjoyed a little chat with their fish-dealer because he was a man of such original ideas, but one day, says London Opinion, she returned from market somewhat puzzled by his remarks. "I said to him, just in the way of conversation," declared Mrs. Jones, "that I had heard that a man becomes like that with which he most associates."

"That's ridiculous, Mrs. Jones," he answered. "I've been a fishmonger all my life and can't swim a yard."

The finest climate and the richest land in the United States. From 10 to 500 acres of farm land, and 2 town lots in South Texas, for \$120, payable \$10 monthly. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

A cranky bachelor says that heaven is probably so called because there are no marriages there.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 52 cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Usually the man who believes in paying as he goes stays at home.

## QUEEN OF ACTRESSES PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna. I do so most heartily."—Julia Marlowe.

Any remedy that benefits digestion strengthens the nerves. The nerve centers require nutrition. If the digestion is impaired, the nerve centers become anemic, and nervous debility is the result.

Peruna is not a nerve nor a stimulant. It benefits the nerves by benefiting digestion.

Peruna frees the stomach of catarrhal congestions and normal digestion is the result.

In other words, Peruna goes to the bottom of the whole difficulty, when the disagreeable symptoms disappear.

Mrs. J. C. Jamison, Wallace, Cal., writes:—

"I was troubled with my stomach for six years. Was treated by three doctors. They said that I had nervous dyspepsia. I was put on a liquid diet for three months.

"I improved under the treatment, but as soon as I stopped taking the medicine, I got bad again.

"I saw a testimonial of a man whose case was similar to mine being cured by Peruna, so I thought I would give it a trial.

"I procured a bottle at once and commenced taking it. I have taken several bottles and am entirely cured."



## Peerless Dried Beef

Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk—Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the moment it is sliced into those delicious thin wafers.

None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago